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VOL. 7. NO. 162.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday, May 16, 1863.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT 116 NASSAU STREET, N.Y.

CHARLES INGERSOLL:

NARRATING TO THE CENTRAL CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA HOW HIS GRANDFATHER AIDED THE COUNTRY BY COLLECTING THE STAMP-DUTY, AS AN "OFFICER OF THE CROWN," UNDER THE PROTECTION OF A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR, AND WHAT HIS FATHER'S OPINIONS WERE REGARDING TEA-CHESTS AND TORYISM.

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A Great National Celebration.

AT A MEETING OF THE

Board of Directors of the Union League of Philadelphia, held March 26th, 1863,

THE FOLLOWING RESOLUTIONS, PRESENTED BY MR. CHAS. GIBBONS, WERE UNANIMOUSLY ADOPTED:

RESOLVED.

1. That the League will celebrate the approaching anniversary of American Independence by appropriate ceremonies, at the Hall of Independence.
2. That all the Union Leagues and Associations in the United States be invited to participate in the celebration, and that they be requested to send deputations from their respective bodies for that purpose.
3. That it be recommended that the deputies be authorized to represent their respective constituents in any action that may be deemed necessary and expedient to perfect the organization of the friends of the American Union and Government throughout the United States.
4. That the Committee of Correspondence be authorized to prepare a circular letter, communicating these resolutions to the Union Leagues and loyal citizens of the respective States, and to adopt such measures as may be necessary to carry them into effect.

WM. M. MEREDITH, President.

GEO. M. BOKER, Secretary.

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VANITY FAIR.

THE WEEKLY ISSUE OF THIS

GREAT ORIGINAL, HUMOROUS, AND SATIRICAL ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

WILL BE RESUMED MAY FIRST, AND WILL BE FOR SALE AT THE OLD PRICE OF

SIX CENTS PER COPY.

No advance of price, notwithstanding the still increased cost of materials, and no abatement in size.

VANITY FAIR, believing that it is the duty of the patriot to forego every other consideration for the time being, and to strike at the heart of this rebellion until it is thoroughly crushed, will lend its humble aid to sustain the Government in this necessary work, and at the same time pay attention to our enemies without, making the paper in every particular THOROUGHLY NATIONAL.

No. 160, for May 1st, will be ready for delivery on the 24th April, and orders may be sent to any of the New-York Newsmen, or direct to this office.

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Conducted by men who are familiar with the political history of the country who know what the public wants, it is not to be wondered at that the political illustrations of VANITY FAIR have surpassed all of our contemporaries in design, effect, and sarcastic humor. Our Engravings can be found nowhere else. In every respect they are strictly original, not transfers from PUNCH or other foreign papers, nor reproductions for the tenth time from old blocks, made to do duty under new titles, or, when original, engraved by unskillful, cheap workmen, but every one is the creation of a superior artist for the special number in which it appears, engraved by first-class artists, AND IS NEVER USED THE SECOND TIME ON THE PAPER.

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Published for the Proprietors, by LOUIS H. STEPHENS, at 116 Nassau Street, N. Y.

WHISPERINGS IN OUR SINGING-GALLERY.

Bella.—"MR. PINKIE IS GOOD-NATURED, ISN'T HE?"
Minnie.—"YES, LOVE."
Bella.—THEN ASK HIM TO WATCH THE CAKES AND THINGS I LEFT BEHIND THE ORGAN: I'M AFRAID THAT BELLOWS-BOY WILL BE AT THEM." ("*Pinkie*" *thinks he might figure better as a Barytone than as a Detective.*)

Crippled.

PUGILISTS are accustomed to refer fondly to their fists, or "mawleys," as the "right duke" and the "left duke." In fighting *parlance*, then, the rebels must be pretty badly crippled now; for, since MARMADUKE has left, they may be said to have lost the use of their left duke.

THE ONLY WAY TO TRIM SEMMES'S JACKET.—Send a Clipper to do it.

Readings of a "Sign."

WE take the following from the *Herald* of the 7th instant:

"The distress sign of the copperhead secret societies is 'H. O. R. d.' The hailing party gives only the first two letters, which are the initials to the words 'hold on.' The respondent, if he is a member, answers 'R. d.," which means 'Richmond.'"

As a "distress sign," it may be all very well to give the above interpretation to the cabalistic letters of the sweet Copperhead; but there are other readings of them which will apply well to that unfortunate sect in a general sense. "Heinous Old Reprobates decidedly" might do, for instance, or "Hard Old Rapscallions darn'em," or a hundred other versions, which intelligent readers will please devise for themselves.

Behind the Age.

THEY have a new paper in Philadelphia called *The Age*. It is not very well known who is behind *The Age*, although, obviously, the paper itself is in that unfortunate position.

A "POLAR REFRIGERATOR" FOR THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA—The cold manner in which the Poles have received his offer of amnesty.

A LAY FOR THE LUKEWARM.

I.

OH! when in the market, these Copperheads bark it,
Ready to bite if they can but bite slily;
While they're bolting and braying, the honest are praying
To see them all hung, and to see them hung highly!
What is this stuttering? What is this puttering?
What is this snarling, and what is this sighing?
What is this groaning, and what this bemoaning?
What is this cursing, and what is this crying?
Partly 'tis Treason and partly Tomfoolery;
Partly 'tis Rigmarole, partly Rascality;
Partly Asinity, partly 'tis Mulery;
Partly 'tis Verjuice and partly Venality.

II.

'Tis jangling and jawing, and hemming and hawing;
'Tis only hair-splitting to suit the occasion;
'Tis this, that, and t'other, and infinite bother;
'Tis gammon and falsehood, and sneaking evasion;
And when they come preaching, in accents beseeching,
Only soft blows for our poor "wayward sisters,"
And when with hearts sneaking, their white lips are speaking
Words that should cover those white lips with blisters,
Partly 'tis Treason, and partly Tomfoolery, etc.

III.

When these law-breakers in coats prigged from Quakers,
Mouth of the cost of our Liberty's Battle;
When they assure folks 'tis a plot to tax poor folks,
Poison distilling in soft prittle-prattle;
When they ask you to think on our own Abraham Lincoln
As a thief who has robbed every family kettle;
When in fact they are saying that cheerful tax-paying
Will prove we are men quite deficient in mettle,
Partly 'tis Treason, and partly Tomfoolery, etc.

IV.

When the skies darken, when vainly we hearken
The clear trumpet note of our triumph to hear,
Though our skies were still blacker, what arm would grow slacker,
Striking for all that the Brave should hold dear?
At the fire who is blinking? From the charge who is shrinking?
Who fears in the war-path unflinching to tread?
To mourn o'er our losses and pitiful crosses,
And hoard up our cash, when the soldier wants bread,
Partly 'tis Treason, and partly Tomfoolery, etc.

The "'Young' Idea."

"WHAT," asked the SCHOOLMASTER, "is the term applied to the crime of possessing two wives at one time?"

"Bigamy," replied the SCHOLAR.

"And if there be more than two, what should you call it?"

The SCHOLAR reflected a moment, then, chancing to cast his eyes upon a map of UTAH that decorated the wall, he smiled, and confidently answered: "BRIGHAMY, sir!"

The SCHOOLMASTER went abroad at the earliest subsequent opportunity.

Motto for a City-bred Pig.

THE Pen is mightier than the Sward.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MCARONE.

DEAR VANITY:—The war news is not especially startling, this week.

I hear only of successes by the BANKS of the Mississippi; and another attack on a Union gunboat by a Rebel cavalry force. . . .

By the way, this use of mounted troops in place of vessels has amounted to a distinguishing feature of the present war. It has puzzled many honest civilians, who have been led to believe that the enemy employ Horse Marines.

This is not so. . . .

The truth is, that the cavalry thus used is from Ole Kentuck. . . .

They are half horse, half alligator.

And so the milk in the cocoanut is accounted for.

The excellent behavior of our iron-clads, before Charleston, has made them great favorites with me. I am Mailing my dispatches, now; my dinner-table is covered with Plates, and even my shirt-fronts are Iron-Plaited.

Ah! haughty Rebel hordes, you may throw shot as heavy as a *World* editorial, but—as the small insect said to the fine-tooth comb—I shall escape in spite of your teeth!

I was over at the scene of General BANKS's victories, the other day. A dying soldier informed me that they had captured a railroad leading directly to the back door of the Rebel capitol at Richmond.

"Show it me," I said.

The dying man stopped suffering, got up, and led me through the woods two miles, to an old-fashioned stake-and-rider fence.

"There," said the Intelligent Moribund, "there it is."

"I thought you said a railroad," I cried.

"Exactly," remarked he; "don't you see? The rider is the Rail that rides the stake is the Rail Rode!"

Then he died.

I saw him decently buried. He was a kind husband, a dutiful father, and an exemplary soldier. He was forty-one last June; had lost a front tooth, with light whiskers and a scar on the left eyebrow. He has a brother in the Loyal League. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

. . . I have always found the free, adventurous spirits, who can face Death himself with a jest, if need be, to make the best soldiers. Your formal cusses, of steady behavior, never fight well. The poorest soldier I ever saw, was a man of exceedingly Regular Habits. He was drunk regularly every night.

On the other hand, when I was in the Italian War, a young man came to me in the picturesque garb of a peasant of Frascati, and said:

"General, I want to fight!"

"Come on!" said I.

He misunderstood me, came on, and thrashed me in about two minutes. That was his first irregularity. I liked it, and gave him a lieutenancy. Soon, I found that he lived entirely upon black tea, and studied fortification day and night. At the battle of Solferino, he attacked the liver wing of the enemy and cut off its retreat with a single blow of an artilleryman's sword.

I loved the lad, and put him forward on every opportunity. Especially when the enemy was in front. Merit will always reap its reward. That boy is now Lieutenant-General SCOTT, of the United States Army.

There is, perhaps, but one man in the known world, with more military knowledge and martial genius. The name of the other man may be found, let me add, without vanity, at the close of this letter.

By the sharp things in your last number, directed against the family of your ex-mayor, I see that you are adopting the practice of our Mississippi gunboats, and very properly. If you want to discomfort the Rebels, you must keep firing into the WOODS.

Something will be done, soon, and you shall then hear more from

MCARONE.

LETTER FROM THE PEOPLE.—NO. XI.

From a Promising Proselyte.

NEW-YORK, May 5th, 1863.

VANITY FAIR: I am a Reformed Copperhead. I have seen the error of my ways—the light broke soon after the Connecticut election—and I am now ready to go any length in my devotion in the Loyal cause. To prove my earnestness and vigilance, I desire to call your attention to the conduct of Gen. AVERILL, the cavalry officer who lately drew LEE and STUART out of Culpepper. It is stated that he there captured five thousand dollars' worth of salt and bacon belonging to the rebel government, which salt and bacon instead of promptly destroying, as he should have done, he "distributed among the poor and suffering people of that vicinity."

Now I ask, are you going to let this infamous conduct of Gen. A. pass without a strong and indignant protest? What right has an officer—w ether of cavalry or infantry—to indulge his sentimental feelings c pity for suffering poor people, whom he well knows are enemies, even to the very babies, when the interests of his country demand a course so very different! I have never been so shocked! Had he done his plain duty—destroyed the provisions, and let the traitors starve, (as they very likely would have done,) here would have been a fine, a brilliant achievement! But it is a question whether this instance of culpable weakness has not more than cancelled all the good effects of his extensive raid. I suspect this Gen. AVERILL o be a traitor in disguise!

Depend upon it, I shall keep my eyes open. I am resolved to hold all such fellows to a strict account.

Yours, for the Cause, A PROSELYTE.

AN "INDEPENDENT" VIEW OF THINGS.

OUR neighbor, the *Independent*, has been breaking out in an alarming manner, lately—particularly on the subject of "plain men." Perhaps the editor of the *Independent* is a handsome man; we have not the pleasure of knowing him, even by sight, and can't say; but, if he is going to run his Hansom against our Ugly, we rather think he may get some of the spokes taken out of his wheels.

The man of the *Independent* objects to Mr. LINCOLN's affinity for "plain men." "He has no affinity for men of genius," says the *Independent*, "he only understands plain men who have simple common sense."

This is bad for Mr. Lincoln, of course, who ought not to transact the business of the nation in the way he does. Mr. LINCOLN should maintain a poet, such as the man of the *Independent:* an ambrosial young fellow all squibs and sonnets, with whose advice the movement on the Rappahannock might be set to music, or else the nation should know why. "Simple common sense" would be nowhere then.

The man of the *Independent* is evidently interested in the livery-stable business. Come now, old fellow, own up. Don't you keep a fast crab? Wasn't it you we saw on the Bloomingdale Road last Sun—Monday, we mean, tooling a pair of yellow chestnuts down toward Kingsbridge, with pink bonnets and champagne baskets, and all "them things," packed snugly about your remarkably well-modelled legs? Yes it was, now; and that accounts for the way you allude to Mr. LINCOLN, in your paper of the 30th April, thus:

> "He likes to ride a safe, strong, dull horse, that will keep in the road. But a blooded courser, that knows how to leave circuitous roads, and make a straight path for himself across fields, over walls, across ditches, through thickets—such animals Mr. LINCOLN sends off to pasture as soon as possible! And so we have had draught-horses pulling at this war, while the MITCHELS, the BUTLERS, the FREMONTS, are at grass."

Nobody who wasn't connected with a Church newspaper—as you are, sportive sir—could have run such a steeple-chase paragraph as that upon us. Naturally, the steeple-chaser is a fast man; and it is not surprising, therefore, that you should flout at the President of the United States for doing up his turf business with an "ox" like HALLECK, instead of with a fast crab like—well, no matter who. "He pulls at the war with dull, ox-like strength," say you, speaking of HALLECK. "He is just the man that the President understands and likes; a man without fancy, without novelty of idea, without dangerous impetuosity."

This, indeed, O fast man of the *Independent*, is a hard blow at the administration. It is painful to think that the Head of a great nation should seek advice from "a man without fancy." Continue to pitch into the President for carrying on the business of the nation "without dangerous impetuosity." Touch him upon the raw, O sparkling sport of the press! Tilt On, bold lancer of the *Independent!*

"Queer" John Bull.

JOHN BULL is an "artful dodger."

Finding that we have "blown" the "CONFEDERATE" in his feat of *Chinese* jugglery upon our National Commerce, he now resorts to an ingenious counter-feit upon our National Currency.

But, although we acknowledge the surpassing verdure of the English lawns, we do not call it a fair exchange to send J. B. an American Eagle, and receive a British "green—back"!

By a very Drunken Gentleman.

WHAT Italian city is like a Cannibal?

Man-chewer!

REFLECTIONS FROM THE SURFACE OF THE GREAT PRIZE FIGHT.

HOW often, when one puts that and that together, one finds that he has obtained t'other! Thus of the rounds fought between COBURN and McCOOL, which remind one of telegrams from a "war correspondent"—a good deal of Fibbing in both of them.

Why do the "heavy dailies"—especially the *Times*—always think it necessary to apologize for giving reports of a prize-fight? Editors put on the gloves every day. The Hon. Mr. RAYMOND, for instance, may be seen any afternoon with a swell pair on (kids,) driving everything before him (horses.)

You shall read of a "cross-counter" hit punctually delivered by COBURN on the conk of McCOOL, but you are not to infer from that expression that they fought across a bar.

A brilliant ring-reporter says that "the field of pugilism has long been occupied by Irishmen." Why didn't that brilliant ring-reporter cut it shorter, and say that the field of pugilism grows nothing but potatoes.

"There were no *canards* from *this* fight," says another reporter. Of course there wern't. Neither of the combatants was muff enough to dodge a "blow" by means of a "duck."

Cheerfulness reigns supreme since the decision of the great fight. Let the nation take a lesson from it. The ship of state might be all the better for a little more Spar.

Strange are the technicalities of the P. R.! A "mouse," for instance, is reported to have arisen from the knuckles of COBURN upon McCOOL'S nose. *Nascitur ridiculus mus*, to take a slight liberty with the words of FLACCUS. Not that we asperse the great contest just decided, by calling it a "ridiculous muss," but as *mus* is Latin for mouse, perhaps Mr. McCOOL smelt a very large one—that is, a rat—on the occasion referred to.

COBURN is stated to be a Bricklayer. Who then shall say that McCOOL is not a Brick?

Several prominent members of the Peace Party are said to have staked their loose change upon the result of this fight. Peace apostles are always violent and uproarious persons unless when called upon to stand up and sail in for a fight themselves. They are staking their loose, very loose, change—Coppers, in fact—upon the other great fight just now, but think the game can better be played by striking the flag than by striking a blow. When the Coppers boil over the scum ever comes to the surface.

There is a fine sentiment suggested by the match between JOE COBURN and MICK McCOOL. May that Match be an incentive to our soldiers to extinguish the Lucifer of rebellion!

Con by a Cockney.

Q. WHAT is the difference between a tune picked up by me and a passenger by the Pneumatic Tube?

A. The one comes by this ear, while the other goes by that air.

Comparative Anatomy.

IN the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, they have been making merry over a newly-discovered fossil tortoise, the peculiarity of which is that it is furnished with nine ribs.

We can beat that on this continent. BRIGHAM YOUNG, for instance, who certainly takes rank among the Turtles, possesses ninety-nine ribs, at least.

A Good Old Military Way.

WE learn as follows from a European source:

"M. DE SAULEZ has made an exploration in the Eastern Pyrenees, in conjunction with Gen. CREULY, and believes he has found the traces of the ancient way followed by HANNIBAL."

HANNIBAL was a great general—immense, in fact, though he *had* but one eye. The "ancient way followed by HANNIBAL" was the gay old one of sailing in upon the enemy, and giving him special fits. Wont some enterprising speculator or public benefactor import to this country the ancient military way followed by HANNIBAL, now that it has happily been brought to light? It would be a good thing to do, and would be certain to pay in the long run. A Northern Hannibal would be a good set-off against the "Southern Cannibal."

Hard Cases.

ARMY correspondents state that "seven dummies, or men of stone," were found posted as pickets along the rebel lines near Fredericksburgh, and captured.

Probably they were deserters from Stoneman's brigade.

Paper for Spiritual Communications.

WRAPPING Paper.

COPPERHEAD LYRICS.

NO. III.

AIR—*Oh, Susanna!*

I VENTURED out, the other night,
When everything was still,
For I felt as though I *must* get tight—
I'd taken such a chill.
I heard some Loyal Leaguers talk
As though they pitied *Us:*
Says I, "Don't say that on the walk,
Or else there'll be a fuss!
"*Oh, you rascals!*
Don't you cry for me!
For I'm a bloody Copperhead
Out on a high old spree!"

They winked around, and tried to laugh,
And asked me if I'd bite?
Says I, "I'm not disposed to chaff,
But I *am* disposed to fight!
You've called us cowards long enough;
But here's a man that ain't!"
When up stepped one so big and bluff
I almost thought I'd faint!
"*Oh, you rascals!*" etc.

Says he, "I'll first extract your fang,
For biting spoils the fun!"
With that, he made my head swim, *bang!*
Like forty tods in one!
He grabbed my Breastpin, next I knew—
My Butternut device—
And left me, feeling pretty blue,
And quiet as a "mice."
"*Oh, you rascals!*" etc.

This happened down in Centreville,
In Indiana State:
My friends they rallied with a will,
Indignant at my fate!
We had a fight—and got the worst—
And at it went once more;
But the second fight went like the first—
They captured half our corps.
"*Oh, you rascals!*" etc.

Now here, in jail, I mourn my fate,
Coiled up, in helpless rage;
My fiery tongue darts out too late,
My poison spoils with age!
That fang!—you striker—mind your tune!
I've got some friends left yet!
A "tooth for a tooth" won't answer, soon—
They'll pry out all your set!
"*Oh, you rascals!*
Don't you laugh at me!
For I'm a bloody Copperhead
A-waiting for a spree!"

REMINISCENCES OF THE WATER-CURE.

SHOWING HOW THAT SELFISH OLD PARTY, SMITHERS, MONOPOLIZED THE SERVICES OF THE BATH ATTENDANT, TO THE DISGUST OF SUFFERING DOBBS AND SHIVERING JONES.

A Punch on the Head.

WE find it mentioned in a foreign newspaper that "a Russian general, in speaking of the Polish revolution, describes it as 'a tumor come to a red head, which he is about to puncture.'"

How admirably is this figurative bit of epigram adapted to certain circumstances and persons here! By a slight paraphrase, for instance, we have a big thing in a nut-shell, thus:

"The Southern rebellion is a wart come to a red head, (the Copper-head,) which we (VANITY FAIR) are bound to punch."

WHY THE FIRE-BELLS WERE RUNG WHEN VALLANDIGHAM WAS ARRESTED.—Because his Coppers had grown too hot to hold him.

Concealed Weapons.

DURING the prize-fight, on Tuesday last, one of Mr. MCCOOL'S friends, astonished at Mr. COBURN'S hard hitting, suggested that the latter estimable gentleman "must have something in his hands"—meaning something not exactly calculated to give "aid and comfort to the enemy." On investigation it appeared that the suspected pugilist had actually four nails in each hand, and that he used his fist as a hammer for driving them in. ED. PRICE, Esq., the referee, gave judgment in the case, stating that there was nothing in it contrary to the usages of the Prize Ring. We suppose it's all right.

A Troublesome 'Koff.

IT is stated that Miss DICKINSON cannot for the present continue her political orations, in consequence of an annoying cough.

We are unable to inform our readers whether WIKOFF is the cough referred to, or otherwise.

THE SAW-SETTER.

Upon the hydrant old I lean,
Enjoying the city smells obscene—
Ottar of ostler, gutter, gas,
And other bouquets that a city has.

Sweeter than these is the morning lay
Of the old saw-setter over the way,
Who, as he files the shrieking steel,
Thus files a plea for the Commonweal.

"Oh! turn an old saw upside down,
Singing, with me, to the careless town—
'The sword is mightier than the pen,'
Sharpen your swords, good Union men!

Never shrink from a work begun,
Night may fall ere your task is done,
Up, and be stirring, while it is day—
'Where there's a will there's ever a way.'

You have a wily, slippery foe,
Follow him up when you deal a blow:
'Best foot first, and a foot to spare,'
'The foremost greyhound catches the hare.'

Laurels are slow of growth, they say,
Stop not to gather them by the way:
The only winners are those who push—
'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'

If the foe's to be whipped at all,
You must drive him right to the wall:
Give him no choice, my bully bruisers—
'Beggars 'ain't got no right to be choosers.'

Remember the heroes of 'Seventy-six,
Their spirits will brace you to put in your licks,
And proudly you'll feel, when the fight is won,
The grit of the words 'Like father like son.'

Believe in the Constitution, yet,
Through the drought and through the wet,
And when you come back to rest in clover
You'll 'Praise the bridge that carried you over.'"

Old saw-setter, give me your hand!
Your quaint old sayings, I swear, are grand,
Repair with me to the corner shop,
And of humming ale I'll stand a drop.

"Large Streams from Little Fountains Flow."

(*Bard of the Period.*)

NOT having seen any explanation of the report—said to have been brought by a REBEL deserter—that General BRECKINRIDGE had shot General BRAGG, we employed our "Special Correspondent" to furnish one, "taken on the spot."

Our S. C. instantly proceeded to CROOK & DUFF'S as the most eligible "spot," about, and sooner or later returned with the following:

'The REBEL DESERTER alluded to, being less intoxicated than usual, had, upon being interrogated, remarked that 'Gennel Breck'nbragg shot Gennel—no! mean Gennel Bragg'nridge—hic! no! mean Gennel Breck'nridge brag shot—no! mean, yes! thaswatimean!" From these dark hints grew the report of General BRAGG'S murder."

Later.—"The R. D. has just recovered his wonted state of mind, and explained that he merely intended to state that 'General Breckinridge was a brag shot.' This may be relied on as a faithful extract from the notes of our S. C., "taken on the spot"—referred to.

John Bull's Consistency.

J. B.—"WHAT I SAID A FEW YEARS AGO IS NEITHER HERE NOR THERE. DO YOU THINK I WAS IN EARNEST WHEN I CALLED SUCH A COVE AS YOU A 'MAN AND A BROTHER'?"

XUM

PHRENOPHYSIOLOGICAL INSPIRATIONS.

CERTAIN influences in our pay enable us to obtain, upon any given subject, a greater amount of information than can be laid claim to even by the "Society for the diffusion of Political Knowledge," whose tracts now chime in so harmoniously, as well as harmlessly, with the tea-and-toast maunderings of the Peace Party. Thus, by means of a sorceress—none of the sauceresses who advertise in the *Herald*, but a genuine old professional girl with snakes for hair—we have managed to procure the following analysis of some prominent characters, and that without the disagreeable necessity of fumbling about their Copper Heads.

BENJAMIN WOOD.

His head is large, with copper nails stuck all round it, in a pattern representing the First Snake. The quantity of cheek allotted to him is far beyond that of the average of men, while the fixings of his moral region are just the reverse. He possesses large self-esteem, is bloodthirsty, cool, and strictly unscrupulous. His nose, which is somewhat flattened and patulous, indicates that he is up to snuff. Such a man is likely to make large sums of money with a hook, but he is neither competent to keep a hotel nor to save the Union. He might be capable of editing a sporting paper of an illustrated complexion, as his knowledge of all the little games, political and otherwise, is undoubtedly great. Constitutionally, we should say, that he has less iron in his blood than some men, but more brass in his address.

FERNANDO WOOD.

Exactly the same as his brother BEN, only more so.

CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM.

The head of this subject forms a remarkable antithesis to his heart, for, whereas the former is exactly in the right place, viz., at the top of his neck, the latter is exactly in the wrong place, viz., at the bottom of disunion. He has an unusual quantity of white in his eye, which may, perhaps, be traced to his liver, as he is deficient in combativeness, and always ready to knock under. His brain is about the size of a sponge, and has a good deal of base at that. From his bloodless lips you can tell that his loyalty was never more than skin-deep, but his fluency is likely to carry one away, as the man said of the river when it took him off his legs. Tune is developed in him to a remarkable degree, and that tune is "Dixie."

JAMES BROOKS.

On this head there is not much to be remarked. Combativeness is deficient; while, with strange inconsistency, destructiveness is large. Subject would rather let a good thing go to pot—the Union, for instance—than fight for it. Expressiveness only middling, as anybody can tell by reading the *Express*. Wit entirely deficient, as subject says that he does not see any fun in VANITY FAIR.

We have gained insight into the characters of several other conspicuous bellowers for inglorious compromise, the average diagnosis of which may be given as follows:

Thimble-rig large. Conscientiousness small.

The "Softy."

THERE was a craven-hearted man,
At manly strife who scoffed,
And hid himself under a pot,
Because his head was soft.

"I know my head is soft," he said,
"And therefore 'twould be proper
To sheathe it, like a ship's bot-tom,
With laminæ of copper."

And so he did: and to this day,
And after he is dead,
That mortal is and shall be known
As Daddy COPPERHEAD.

A Suspicious Aphorism.

SOME philosopher tells us that "happiness often lies at our feet, and is to be had for the mere picking up."

Perhaps that philosopher was only a "pocket-book dropper" in disguise.

"Fly not Yet."

A SPANISH paper gives a strange account of a man named ORUJO, who is said to have succeeded in making wings with which he can rise into the air and fly like a bird. Perhaps ORUJO is only a humming-bird, however, and has been humming the editor of that Spanish paper with a flight of fancy. Ever since the days of ICARUS, who fastened his wings on with wax, and therefore may take ornithological rank among the *Wax-wings*, somebody or another has been occasionally turning up for a flight, and turning down again. Not being of a flighty disposition ourself, we don't believe that men will ever succeed in flying, unless, indeed, it may be in flying kites—whether it be you DICK, or you TOM, or you HARRY, ORUJO, or any other man.

A VERY SCARCE FLOWER.—The Pink of Politeness.

Vegetarian.

THE man who lives exclusively upon tobacco may properly be described as a vegetarian, particularly if his wife "raises Cain" about it.

We have lately seen an advertisement for a situation as "Coachman," in which the advertiser states that he understands the art of "raising vegetables if necessary." As we happen to be the possessor of a small, though well-stocked kitchen-garden, we trust that none of our neighbors will hire a coachman addicted to "raising vegetables if necessary," and we hereby warn the "coachman," that if we catch him "raising vegetables if necessary" out of our garden, we shall plant his back, thickly, with a crop of that very pungent vegetable, the hickory stick.

"DON'T ALL SPEAK AT ONCE."

THE following advertisement, from a city paper, although slightly ambiguous, offers a fine field for the operations of ladies of a "certain age":

"A gentleman possessing some wealth and 45 years of age and without any incumbrance, and respectability, wishes to marry one similarly situated. This notice emanates from a source worthy the consideration of any lady not under 40 years, but over preferred, as can be ascertained by addressing H. D. B., Spring-street Post-Office, for one week, where an interview can be had."

There is some incoherency in the words "one similarly situated," which, taken in connection with the words preceding them, announce the queer determination of a gentleman without respectability to marry another gentleman "similarly situated." But we pass over the manifest absurdity of this, and dwell in amaze upon the wild aspirations of the extraordinary gentleman without respectability, who is so little versed in the character of woman as to expect that "any lady not under 40 years" of age is an article to be obtained even through the medium of a daily paper. We fear that the fact of the advertiser being without respectability, as asserted by himself, is not likely to be so great a stumbling-block in his matrimonial path as the unreasonable expectation cherished by him of finding a respondent acknowledging to forty. The "wealth" might be taken as a set-off to the want of "respectability," or any other ability, but there will be no rush of "forties" to the bait so unadroitly set by H. D. B.

A LIFTING OF THE VEIL.

PEEP THE SECOND.

PERHAPS in a not far distant future, there will be sung a solemn parody on the nursery lyric of "Who Killed Cock-Robin?"

That unhappy bird being represented in the new monody, by no less a victim than your rash, but resolute and resigned correspondent.

Men have been immolated for revelations of a similar nature to those, which, in the martyr-spirit of patriotism, I am about to give the world. If such a thing should chance, you, oh! V. F.! will be able to make an oracular answer to the awful query of "Who killed Nipset?"

Enough! I do not fear my fate too much, and my des(s)erts are remarkably copious, so that I am perfectly willing to put it to the touch, or to any other of the five senses, without the slightest regard to consequences!

Being determined to enter the penetralia of the S. C. A., and learn their secret modes of recognition, I resolved to disguise myself as an envoy from his Ex-celiency J. B., in which, by the aid of a bottle of "Old Rye," liberally bestowed, both internally and externally, about my person, I perfectly succeeded, and was ushered in with due honor.

As I passed through the door, I fortunately overheard the password of the night. It was:

* * * *

The GREAT PANJANDRUM was seated in the centre of the room between two stools, on one of which lay a ragged Rebel flag and on the other a counterfeit "Greenback." As each "brother" entered, he advanced to the G. P., who instantly placed a hand upon each stool, and endeavored to rise. He, however, fell down again, ere he was quite erect, and then seizing the Rebel flag in his right hand, grasped the "green-back" in his left, and held it toward the "brother," who, in his turn, grasped the other end.

"This is our secret grip," said the G. P., blandly, to me, as they held the note between them for my inspection.

I took a sketch of THE GRIP on the spot. Here it is.

When the Council was full, they proceeded to business.

The first ——. But, on second thoughts, I will reserve the account of their proceedings for a future "Peep," as I am desirous of closing this article with the sketch of another sign of their fraternity that I subsequently learned.

As the council broke up, I approached the G. P., and inquired how the S. C. A. recognized one another in the street or public places generally.

"I will show you," said he in the most affable manner, and calling a couple of distinguished-looking "brothers," he bade them show me the mystery of their public greeting. This they did by a sort of tableau which I have feebly endeavored to portray, thus:

"The explanation of this —" began the obliging G. P.

"Is wholly unnecessary," interrupted I. "I 'see' it!"

And to prove my visual sharpness, I invited the party to drink at my expense. Yours, rather abruptly,

NIPSET.

TO THE EQUESTRIAN OPTIMIST.

PLEASURE-SEEKERS who look on the bright side of things, and contemplate a turn-out for Central Park, will do well to consult the following:

"Two horses for sale at L. Cantel's, West —th st., one blind, but good, $25."

Such as know how to prize goodness, and are aware how often it is essentially heightened by conjunction with blindness, and are likewise possessed of $25, and no more, will doubtless see CANTEL, who can tell enough more about the horse to satisfy the reasonable; and if he can't, why, there's your Goodness, so useful to those who go it Blind, and so ornamental in any circle—as, for instance, that of a Bark-Mill—besides a large amount of Horse Hide, and a Complete Skeleton.

If you have only $20, and can't borrow the other five—or wouldn't if you could—and if you prefer a Horse that can see, and is sound, and can trot in say 3.45, why look at this:

$20—Horse fit for any use, for sale or exchange for anything useful in a family; he is sound and can trot in 3.45; must be sold.

As this fine animal is fit for *any* use, it follows that he is fit for the Park—where, indeed, his speed and soundness would be quite favorable to your views. Besides, consider that Money is no object to this dealer; anything useful in a family—that is, *his* family, though it mayn't be in yours—will answer the same purpose; say, for instance, a Britannia Tea Pot, or a Bottle of Mothers' Relief. As the horse in question—or rather in the advertisement—is fit for any use, you can make a Companion of him in your lonely moments, and get him to run of errands when your Boy is out. He may prove, also, to be a first-rate Philosopher and Guide. In short, if you don't buy him pretty soon, you may find we have the start of you, for we're in want of an extra draughtsman, (of course he can *draw*) and we see the advantage of having an artist who, at odd moments, can help to direct wrappers to our myriad regular subscribers.

THE STRATEGY OF THE EXPRESS.

IT is not true that the Honorable JAMES BROOKS has barricaded the editorial rooms of the *Express*, since hearing of the arrest of VALLANDIGHAM. Being perfectly aware that

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;"

nor any amount of doors a sufficient protection from the "ruthless minions of a detested Government," he has adopted an ingenious plan for keeping out the insolent foe. Touchingly simple, yet wondrously strategic, there is no doubt that it will fully answer the purpose. It is simply this: to place a copy of each pamphlet thus far published by the "Society for the Diffusion of Useless Political Knowledge" upon each step of the stairs leading to the fourth story of No. 13 Park Row, the *Express* Editorial Rooms; and as, in the estimation of the *Express* editor, these documents are filled with unanswerable arguments against the Administration, it will be difficult for any LINCOLN myrmidon to "get over them."

By Our Foreign Contributor.

IT was somewhat singular that Russia did not foresee the Polish insurrection, as from the great number of telegraphic wires being erected in that country it was safe always to assume at any time that THE POLES WERE UP.

Parallel Cases.

NEWSPAPERS abound with an item stating that, "in the seventeen churches of different denominations at Newburyport, in Massachusetts, ten of the organists are 'Misses.'"

This case reminds us a little of that of the *Alabama*, nine out of ten of the efforts to capture which slippery craft have also been "Misses."

China in England.

WE notice in a Liverpool paper an advertisement headed "Great Sale of Chinaware."

Does this mean that some of the Liverpool builders are sending their iron-clads to the hammer?

THE OPERA OF "AROLDO."

Oh! Aroldo the bold was a stunning young Knight
Who scoured the whole world, he so ached for a fight,
And at last, though he'd got a sweet Lady at home,
He went with mad Peter the Hermit to roam.
Alas! while Aroldo was smiting the Jews,
Poor Mrs. Aroldo, oppressed by the blues,
And sighing for comfort, began a flirtation—
Perhaps the most innocent thing in creation—
With what's-his-name?—Godwin, a spooney young fellow,
A Knight of the Carpet, with accents so mellow—
A friend of Aroldo's—who, when he was chaffed
About staying, replied that he'd wait for the draft.
Aroldo, at last, having killed all the pagans—
Those Saracen chaps, plucky Palestine Fagins—
Came home to his sweet Mrs. A., there in Kent,
And found her so queer that he asked what it meant?
And then he informed her, in notes very high,
That he'd often so missed her he'd wanted to cry:
And this made *her* want to: it made her wish, also,
(Of this I've no doubt) that the man wouldn't bawl so.
Fact is, Spooney Godwin had turned out *so* spooney,
He'd struck her as being a little bit luny,
And, disgusted that things had assumed such a shape,
She'd wished, for some days, she were out of the scrape.
In fact, she had got a neat letter half written,
To say that, though truly too shrewd to be bitten,
She might as well own that she's been a great Judy;
But her father, Egbert, a buffer too moody,
Came in, and saw through the whole thing at a glance,
Seized the paper (though War had made paper advance)
And tore the whole sheet into shreds by the score,
And wantonly strewed them all over the floor—
While a crash of trombones said that now all was o'er!
Mrs. A. fell to crying—as any one would—
And said she had always, in fact, been too good;
But Egbert the valiant—a chap, by the way,
With an iron-clad stomach—still kept her at bay.
But soon it turned out that both he and Aroldo
Were looking for Godwin (Hi! wasn't he sold, O!)
With very unpleasant long swords in their hands,
And roaring like mad, with their modest demands.
This Godwin (the goose!) put a note in a book,
Which Bryan the sly to Aroldo just took,
And asked him, Ha! ha! was he fond of neat reading?
But it seems that it wasn't what Aroldo was needing—
At least, so thought Egbert, the obstinate papa,
Who, on his own hook, was as mad as a hopper.
And so it turned out that old Egbert himself
Was to meet in the churchyard (and lay on the shelf)
Young Godwin the spooney, that very same night.
(My eyes! what a time, what a place for a fight!)
It happened (it being a Saturday night)
The choir were up late in the church, singing psalms,
And this rather gave the wild duellists qualms—
Who put up their scythes and go clasping their palms—
Excepting Aroldo, who silently d—ns.
Old Egbert (*Third Act*) is about to take poison,
(Sucked out of a ring!) when, hearing a noise on
His left, he desists—though he longs for the drink;
Learns that Godwin is coming—and pauses to think;
Decides that he'll fight him; goes out with that view,
And in come Aroldo and wife, pretty blue.
And, would you believe it?—Godwin comes too.
"Take her, and go to the deuce!" exclaims A.
But—*could* you believe it?—his wife utters "Nay!"
Out, then, goes Godwin; when who should espy him
But bully old Egbert, still burning to try him
As hotly as ever; so at it they go,
And Godwin is pinked in a minute or so.
This complicates matters; Aroldo goes down
With Bryan the Hermit, and puts on a gown,
Turns Hermit himself, with a rope round his middle,
Goes to Scotland (though why he goes there is a riddle—
Perhaps it's to practice the merry Scotch Fiddle!)
And there by the seashore he lives, in a hut,
And Bryan lives with him, on roots and herbs. But
A storm—worked by Neptune's half smothered young boys—
Makes a wreck of a ship, though it brings lots of joys
To the lonely Aroldo; a boat comes ashore,
And two quite dry people land from it—no more.
One of them is old Egbert, and t'other's his child,
And both of 'em draw it exceedingly mild.
Aroldo holds off, for a minute or so—
And the music now vibrates depressingly slow—
But of course he comes round gradually—who wouldn't,
And mightn't, and couldn't, and oughtn't, and shouldn't,
With roots and old Bryan on one side the fence,
On the other a wife, and no end of expense!
And now the French Horns take a merry old strain,
And the actors all vow they wont act so again!

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

Passing by a taxidermist's shop, a few days ago, we observed in the window a number of gorgeous, green-and-crimson Bird-of-Paradise skins, and, on inquiring for what purpose they were intended — they were not what is technically called "set up"—were informed that there is going to be a great demand for such game shortly, for the purpose of decorating ladies' bonnets. Now, we have nothing to say against the dear girls for putting Birds of Paradise on their heads. Birds of a feather *will* flock together, and one Bird of Paradise is as good as another, only more so; but we really don't see why our native fowls should be neglected in favor of the gaudy exotic article. What can be more lovely in its own little way, for instance, than a young and downy chicken, duckling, or gosling? Surely a nest of these tender fledglings, set off with a vegetation of mushrooms and green-peas, would be a dish—a bonnet we mean—to set before a queen. Then there is the red-headed duck, which, on the principle of harmony, would be just the thing for the bonnet of many a little red-headed duck we know of, and would have all the spoons running after it to catch nothing but sauce, perhaps. There are lots of ladies, now, to whom height in a bonnet appears to be an object unshackled by either expense or principle. We sat behind one last evening at Niblo's, whose head-gear was much taller and bigger than any wild turkey we ever knocked over, and to such we say, "Go in for a whole wild turkey, marm, stuffed, if necessary, with sage and onions, and wear that noble denizen of our native woods upon your head, in preference to the tawdry green-and-red thing that claims Elysium as its native nesting-place." Native manufactures must and shall be encouraged, nor shall we shrink from the self-imposed task of wielding our pen for the improvement of the native henling, the native duckling, the native gosling, the native turkey, and the native Goose.

Con. by a Sarcastic Person.

Why do the war sketches of the "Special Artist" for the Illustrated Weeklies remind you of the report of the City Policemen? Because they disseminate the pleasing illusion that he is always "on the spot."

For Wine-Merchants, only.

Wasn't the claret of Rebellion tapped, when our troops walked into Butte de la Rose?

Interesting to any person anxious about the Moth.—Don't make a Muff of yourself.

A Flight of Fancy.—The recent exodus of the roughs to see the "great prize-fight."